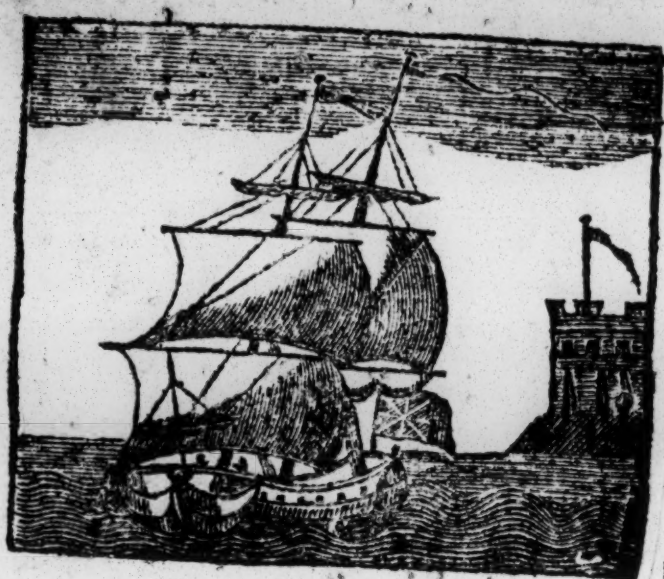




Blooming Sally; Or, The Constant Sailor.

[Printed and sold by J. Evans, No. 41, Long Lane.]

I'm a jolly young lad, Jack Rollins my name,
The briny main ocean I roam,
My pursuit is with courage for glory and fame,
King George and my Country I love
My trowsers milk white, my shoes jetty black,
And buckles so clean and so smart.

A natty blue jacket set light to my back,
Was always the pride of my heart,
When call'd to I cheerfully go,
And see every order obey'd:
Tho, the billows run mountains, and hurricanes blow,
Bold Jack's not daunted or afraid.

And if that by chance we meet with our foes,
And to fight them our orders do run,
With cutlass and pistol to my station I'll go,
Stick firm to my duty and gun:
A good ten knots an hour I like for a grace,
In pursuing an enemy's ship.

While they send it away we're giving the chase,
And boring our grog and our flap.
Thus o'er the rough billows, where driven along,
On many strange coasts, as I go;
The girls of each port they give me a smile,
Their meanings I very well know;

Then find them a gig, when lover's I call;
And left at my ease on return,
I laugh and joke, and talk with them,
But Sally's my only concern.
At ——— this little rogue dwells;
Well known by her nice winning air,

That all other girls of the place she excels,
She is pretty Sally the fair,
We have both made a vow, should we get the stuff,
To Mary and so becomes one,
As others have done for its common error,
And we'll set up a house of our own,

When she'll be call'd madam and I'll be call'd sir,
We'll stick up the sign of the tar,
Amongst girls and their sailors we'll bustle and stir,
While Sal shall attend at the bar,
ing fal de ral fal de ral
ing fal de ral, fal de ral, fal de ral.